

## Agitator

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**THE MASSES.**

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Advocate of All Reforms.

**GOV. ST. JOHN IN ILLINOIS.**

Ex-Governor St. John addressed a large audience at Dixon, Ill., a few days ago. It was a splendid address, "from start to finish," and we cannot resist the temptation to reprint a few of his closing remarks:

I believe labor has just as much right to organize as has capital and that the reduction of the laborer's wages to a starvation point is a strike by capital and is a sin against God and ought to be made a crime against man. On the other hand, I believe that whenever labor is well paid and then strikes, closing factories and public means of transportation, it is equally a sin and crime. Understand me, I am in favor of strikes, for they are the only means of protecting labor; but the strike should be made on the same day simultaneously along the whole line—at the ballot-box.

This strike should not only be made against the oppression of corporate power, but it should be made against every distillery, brewery and saloon in the land. The Prohibition party has fought the battle against these wrongs for more than twenty years past, and it will continue to fight them till victory crowns its efforts. It wants no victory at the sacrifice of principle. While its numerical strength is not great, yet, in point of mental force and moral power, it is without a peer on this continent. Never in the history of the party has its growth been so rapid as now.

In an interview, Mr. St. John said:

"In my judgment, while the Prohibition party will make large gains in all the states from the very best class of the people, the late labor troubles will result in nearly, if not quite, doubling the People's party vote throughout the country. The treachery of the two old parties on

the silver question will bring about an entire change in the financial complexion of the present congress. The next congress will be overwhelmingly in favor of the free coinage of silver, and the People's party is liable to have fifty members of congress, instead of eight or nine, as now.

"The Prohibition party and the People's party have but one real issue dividing them, and that is prohibition. I believe that by 1896 the two parties will get together, with prohibition and woman suffrage among the principal planks in the platform, and, thus united, will elect a president in 1896. So far as the Democrats and Republicans are concerned, there is no real issue between them. They might just as well move into the same house, consolidate their committees and save rent and running expenses."

**Taber Talks Some More.**

EDITOR AGITATOR: The first hard work of all governments is to divide the people into two parties and set them to fighting over some infernal fool question, and while the fools are fighting, the combination of "honorable" gentlemen who call themselves "government" rob both parties of everything that makes life worth living. When the people refuse to be divided, the aforementioned "honorable" gentlemen will disband their thieving combination, and either earn an honest living or steal their sugar and whisky on their own responsibility.

If humanity is too vile to be capable of self-government, is it not self-evident that humanity is too vile for any portion of it to be trusted to govern others?—for it is an obvious fact that it is the vilest and most worthless that want to govern; and, consequently, it is they who govern. Take a squint at the present combination, and puke up your toe-nails; then go to fighting your neighbor for the grand old party. You are one of the blue hen's chickens, ain't you? Scratch everything except your ticket.

Oh, let me smell a skunk! I feel that intensely tired feeling coming on again.

Authority of man over man is the only devil humanity ever had to

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**THERE'S A SOB IN THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE!**

There's a hope in the heart of the nation, and a song on its lips to be sung, Ev'n when its life-burden is greatest, and its heart is by agony wrung; There's a hope that there's light in the future, whatever has been in the past, For God has made faith in His creatures thro' all things, forever, to last, For faith is the voice of the spirit that breathes at the grave of despair, The assurance of light after darkness, and belief in an answer to prayer: Whether conscious, or not, of believing that the clay that goes back to the sod

Is the temple where dwelleth the spirit that's immortal, returning to God— There's that which no heart can o'er-master, no matter how strong the desire That faith, of which hope is the proof, and through which always the heart must aspire!

So, through hope there is faith, though unconscious, and of faith is born ever a prayer, And whenever man prays there is mercy, for Divinity's presence is there.

There's a sob in the heart of the people, though on the lips of the nation a song;

There's a hope that has lit the despairing, and has borne up endurance so long;

But what if the nation shall prosper, as prophecy sayeth it must, If the bodies, grown sick with endurance, by that time shall be given to dust?

If the flesh that grows faint with privation, and the soul given up to despair,

With never a hand stretched to aid them in their mis'ry too wretched to bear—

Still fall by the wayside exhausted—with others to come in their wake, Who shall give up their lives, like the others, for a nation's prosperity's sake?

Who shall say that a nation is prosperous, that purchases wealth for the few? With the price of the lives of the toilers which it claims as legitimate due? Is a people then prosperous, whose millions are counted by clods that its hearses

Give back to the earth they have delved, in oppression that smothered its curses,

In prayers that were voiced with a patience, that partook of a something divine,

Warding off, as they might, retribution, when blood drenches cities like wine?

Is the voice of Omnipotence uttered, when the sun that goes down to its setting,

Brings warning that luxury's lust is so potent, the world is forgetting That God is God, and that gain that is bought at the price of the soul, Is as vanity gained by the winner, who, through vanity loseth the whole?

O God of the nations that prosper, lift up from the down-trodden ways The hearts of the toilers, whose lips are still voicing their anthems of praise! In whose hearts is a song of the city, where morning the vigils of night Shall break, as Thy glory eternal, and where faith shall give place unto sight!

Where hands that have patiently labored shall be folded at last in surcease, And the feet, faltering not by the wayside, shall walk by Thy waters of peace.

—LIDA LEWIS WATSON, in Donahoe's Magazine.